

I'm Going Home to the Place Where I Belong

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Summary: After months of getting no answer, Phoebe decides to give calling Prue one last chance. She doesn't expect to her pick up let alone to invite her home. But when Phoebe shows up on Piper and Prue's doorstep with not only herself, but someone else in tow, will the sisters welcome them with open arms? Read to find out! Please R/R! This is a redo of my Charmed story, Missed Phone Calls

1. We're Going Home

So, this is an updated version of my story Missed Phone Calls. I had this thought pop into my head and figured it could work for that story. So, I hope you guys enjoy it. I tried to get it to all present tense, but if I missed a part let me know.

* * *

><p>Phoebe sighs as she unlocks the door to her apartment. She throws her keys on the table, hangs her jacket in the closet and goes to the kitchen. She pulls out some leftover spaghetti and pops it in the microwave.</p>

When the microwave beeps, she pulls it out and goes to the couch. All week she had been trying to get ahold of Prue, but Piper was always the one to answer the home phone and Prue never seemed to answer her cell phone. Maybe she had Phoebe's number saved and knew when it was her.

Phoebe's dog, Bo, runs into the living room and jumps onto the couch. She greets her owner happily, having missed her mommy while Phoebe was at work.

"Hey, Bo!" She says in a baby voice. "How's my baby doing?" Bo barks in response and wagged her tail.

"Were you a good girl for Mr. Glen and Miss Emma today? Huh? I bet you were." She scratches Bo behind the ear and grins as she gets

'kisses' from her baby. The two settle down and Phoebe finishes her dinner before deciding to watch some TV.

At 9:45 p.m., Phoebe turns the TV off and goes to bed. She's worn-out from her long day at work. She forgoes the shower, instead changing into her pajamas and climbing into bed. Bo jumps up there with her, and Phoebe decides she is just too tired to tell her to get down.

Later, at 2 in the morning, she awakes. She's suddenly wide awake and doesn't know what to do. Phoebe lays there for about ten minutes, debating on whether she should do it or not. It wouldn't be that late there; only about 10 p.m. or so.

Then she decided. She knew she probably wouldn't get an answer, but she wanted to try anyway.

Phoebe picked up the phone and dialed a number she knew by heart. She waited as the phone rang for someone to answer.

_ "Hello?" _

Phoebe hesitated, not expecting the person who did to pick up. "Prue?" She whispers. She had missed her big sister's voice so much.

_ "Phoebe is that you?" _ She hears Prue ask. Her sister continues before Phoebe has a chance to say anything. _ "Let me guess: are you calling to say your out of money again and need us to send you more? Or is it something new this time?" _

Phoebe sighs; she knew this wasn't going to be easy. "No Prue, if you'll just listen. I'm calling to say I'm sorry. I'll take back what I said about Roger." I'll take back everything - if it means you'll forgive me and that we can get passed this." As she says this, her stomach is in knots. It kills her not to tell Prue what happened. To tell her big sister what that man did to her. She glances over briefly, at the small, innocent figure lying beside her, and blinks away the tears.

Prue is silent as she takes this in and, for a moment, Phoebe fears she is going to hang up. She holds her breathe, and then, she hears,

"_Okay._" And she lets out the breath.

"Okay?" Phoebe is stunned to say the least. She can't believe Prue had given in that easily. "Oh, my gosh, Prue, thank you. I-I've really missed you." She whispers this last part as her voice nearly gives out.

_ "I missed you too, Pheebs._" It feels so good to hear her big sister say that._ "How have you been?" _

She smiles, "I've been pretty good." Phoebe settles back in bed and the two talk until the early hours of the morning, ending the conversation with Phoebe deciding to go home, Prue having convinced her.

The next morning

The next morning, Phoebe gets up around 9 a.m. She had a 2:00 o'clock plane to San Francisco and she wanted to get her packing done.

She steps into her room, and grabs a bag from her closet, filling it with clothes. As she is doing this, a little girl runs in. Her hair is in two French braids, and she can pass as a carbon copy of Phoebe with, what Phoebe likes to call a miracle, Prue's ice blue eyes.

"Momma? What're you doin'?" She asks her mother.

Phoebe gestures for the little girl to come over and she obeys. "Peighton, sweetheart, you and mommy are going home." Phoebe tells her and watches as her daughter's eyes light up.

The little brunette smiles. "Home, Momma?" She confirms and Phoebe nods.

"Yeah, baby. We're going home." She kisses Peighton on the forehead. "Now, I need you to go get teddy and Mr. Blankie and some of your story books and dollies to play with on the plane, okay? Mommy is going to take a shower while you do that."

The little tyke nods and jumps down from Phoebe's bed. She runs to the door, stopping as she reaches it and turns around.

"Momma?"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"I happy we goin' home." She flashes her mom a smile and skips out of the room, down the hall, and to her own bedroom.

Phoebe smiles as she watches her leave the room. "Yeah," she whispers to herself. "Me too."

* * *

><p>So, obviously, we know Peighton is her daughter, but can you guys figure out what Roger did to Phoebe? Will she tell Prue and, if she does, what will Prue say to it?

Please review and let me know how I did! And if you guys would like me to make another chapter. :)

2. Packing For My New Home

Thanks to everyone who has favorited and followed this. I certainly did not expect it to be any more popular than my last go at it. And a special thanks to the following who also left reviews:

Kensi1997: Thanks so much for the review. I'm glad you found another story of mine to read. :)

Guest: Here's the next chapter. :) Thanks for the review.

**MagicQueen12: Glad you liked it. Here is the next one.
:)**

**Leonie1988: Thank you for the review. Here's the next chapter.
:)**

Here is the next chapter: It will focus mostly on packing and getting to know Peighton a little bit better.

Enjoy. :)

* * *

><p>Around 10:45 a.m. October 6th, 1998.**

After Phoebe gets done packing her suitcase, she goes to Peighton's room where the little tyke is packing a backpack with her stuffed bunny and blankie and some of her Barbie dolls.

"Here, baby, let mommy fold up your blankie." She says as she walks over to her daughter. "I want you to get you suitcase out for mommy. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Mommy!" Peighton skips over to the tiny closet she calls her own and pulls out two small suitcases; one for her clothes and the other for half of the rest of the clothes and half for her toys. She also pulls out a Barbie Take-Along travel case for her Barbie dolls.

"Momma, I take this too?" She asks.

Phoebe nods. "Sure, baby. Why don't you hand me your Minnie Mouse suitcase," Peighton rolls a plastic solid red with tiny, white polka dots suitcase over to her mom. It also has Minnie Mouse's head on it. She has a big red bow with white polka dots on it.

"Thank you, sweetie. Now, you can get all your Barbie dolls into that, okay?" Peighton nods and she goes over to the Barbie Dream House that Glen and Emma had gotten for her birthday earlier in the year. "Thank you."

A few minutes later, when Phoebe is in the middle of separating Peighton's clothes and deciding which she will need right now and what can be sent later, she hears Peighton huff and turns to see her daughter pouting.

"What's the matter, honey?" She asks. Peighton kicks her bag, turning it over and spilling its contents. "Hey, now. Peighton, that is no way to be. Why don't you tell mommy what's wrong instead of kicking your toys?"

"That!" Peighton shouts. "No-no!" She huffs and Phoebe moves over to her.

"Use your words, sweetie. What is the matter with the bag?"

"They won't fit!" Peighton huffs again.

"Well, how about we try this: you pick out four very special Barbies

to take this time and then I'll have Nana Em and Papa Glen send the rest when they send your bookshelf and other things. Does that sound good?"

Peighton huffs again and doesn't say anything for a moment. Phoebe thinks she's about to go into full-on tantrum mode, but the little tyke sighs and nods.

"Okay, Momma. But I wanna take Barbie and Ken and Barbie's sister and her friend and..." She trails off as she begins to picks the clothes up and carefully put them back into the carrying case. It's quiet for a little bit longer and Phoebe finally has Peighton's clothes packed. It's decides that she'll just go looking for a swimsuit in California, although Peighton probably won't need one any time soon. Phoebe zips the bag up that has Peighton's school clothes in it and rolls it to the door.

Then she turns to Peighton. She still has the little girl's socks and underwear out for her to pack because Peighton loves to help Phoebe pack her clothes. It makes the little tyke feel so grown up.

"Peight, do you want to pack to pack your socks and big-girl panties?" Phoebe asks her and the little girl eagerly jumps up and over to her.

"Yes, p'ease_!" She then sees that it's almost 11:30. Just enough time for her to fix lunch and then lay Peighton down for a nap. While Peighton is occupied with this, Phoebe turns to leave the room and go make some lunch for them. Peighton's favorite: chicken noodle soup and a grilled cheese sandwich. She almost out of the door when she hears,

"Momma, I bwing dis_ too, 'kay?" Phoebe turns around and sees Peighton pointing to the house.

"Well, sweetie, we are not going to be able to bring that with us this time. But you can bring the Barbie dolls and their clothes if you'd like. In fact, are you finished with that suitcase?" She points to the carrying case and then rolls it over with the others when Peighton nods.

"Aw," Peighton scrunches up her nose. "But why?" Peighton complains and Phoebe sighs.

"Because sweetie, we won't have enough room to bring. That's something you need to take in a car and we are not going in a car. We are flying in an airplane. We can only have suitcases and backpacks. Okay?"

"No! I wanna take it, Momma!" Peighton yells, throwing the Barbie in her hand down on the ground and crossing her arms.

"Peighton Melinda Grace," Phoebe says sternly. "Come here please." The little girl stomps her way over to Phoebe who bends down to her level. "Now, listen Peighton. It's not nice to yell at mommy. That hurt my feelings when you yelled at me instead of using your big girl words."

Peighton pouts at this. "I sorry, Mommy."

"Thank you, Peighton. Now, I know you're upset about not being able to take your Barbie house, and that's why I am going to give you two choices on what you can do. Are you ready to hear them?" Peighton nods. "Good. Now, you can either pick two special Barbies out to put in your backpack to take on the plane or you can go over to your Quiet Corner and sit there while I cook some lunch. Which one do you want to do?"

"I wanna pack my Barbies, Momma." She says and Phoebe nods encouragingly.

"Then you can do that. I am going to make some lunch. What would you like?"

"Noodles and _gwilled _cheese!" Phoebe just laughs. She knew it all along. She goes to the kitchen and starts lunch.

"Peight, baby, lunch is ready!" Phoebe calls out ten minutes later and then she hears the thumping of Peighton's on the hardwood floor. The little girl climbs into her seat at the table. While Peighton is eating, Phoebe takes down the little girl's drawings from the fridge and surrounding wall.

"Momma, what're you doin'?"

"I'm taking down your pictures." Phoebe replies, as she gently stacks all of them up being sure not to rip any.

"Why?"

"So we can take them home with us."

"Why?" Peighton replies. She's in the 'why' stage now and Phoebe can't decide if she loves that her daughter is curious or if she finds the constant questions slightly irritating.

"Well, Aunt Piper and Aunt Prue might want to see all your pretty artwork."

Oh, okay." Peighton shrugs at that. Phoebe goes back to making sure they have everything. Once she is finished, it's around 12:15 and she has just enough time to lay Peighton down for and then call and have the lights and water shut off.

She decides that her next-door neighbors, Glen and Emma, will keep Bo. She has already asked Glen to take apart Peighton's bookshelf and her bed so they can be sent by mail to San Francisco. Peighton doesn't really have a lot of toys, and for that, Phoebe is often upset. She wishes she made more at her job so she could buy Peighton some new toys, instead of the worn-out baby doll, building blocks that have some missing and her books that are mostly for little babies.

Phoebe sighs as she looks around the apartment. In two hours tops, she and her daughter will be on a plane, off to California. She will introduce her sisters to her daughter and hopefully they will welcome both Phoebe and Peighton with open arms. She decides to watch a little TV before getting herself and Peighton dressed.

About 15 minutes later, Phoebe hears a knock on the door and goes over to open it. It's her neighbor, Glen.

"Hi, Glen." She greets. She opens the door and invites him inside.

"Hi, honey. Emma told me the news. Are you really heading home?" He asks and Phoebe smiles.

"Yep. I talked to Prue early this morning. I still think we have a long way to go, but she invited to come home. So, I've been scrambling around getting our stuff packed, which is a lot more than what I thought it would be."

"Well, I'm glad you and your sister talked. Emma said you needed some help with some stuff. Just point me in that direction and I'll get right too it."

"Well, if you could, I've taken all of Peighton's books down from her shelf, and I need you to take it apart so it can be packed up and shipped to my house in San Francisco."

"Of, course." Glen agree. "And where is Miss Peighton this afternoon?"

"Oh, I laid her down for a nap. I figured she most likely wouldn't fall asleep on the plane." Glen nods in understanding and goes about moving the bookcase to the living room so he would not disturb the sleeping little girl.

It takes about twenty-five minutes for him to be done, and by that time, Phoebe has dressed and has gotten Peighton up and her teeth brushed. The little girl eagerly gets dressed in her pink jumpsuit and then lets Phoebe tie her shoes.

Glen had called Phoebe a cab and had begun taking bags down while the girls were getting ready. Now, he and his wife, Emma stand at the door looking at the woman they had called their own and the little tyke they became to know as their little granddaughter.

"Sweetie, tell Nana Em and Papa Glen goodbye. We need to get going." Phoebe says.

"Bye-bye, Papa Glen. Bye, Nana Em. I love you!" Peighton says and the older couple both give her a hug.

"Goodbye, sweetheart. I hope you have fun on your first plane ride and at your new home." Emma tells her. Then she turns to Phoebe. "Remember, Phoebe; you are always welcome here. Come visit us anytime, okay?"

"Of course," Phoebe gives a watery smile. "I love you guys and I'll try to bring Peighton back sometime so we can get you caught up on how things are going."

With a final hug and wave goodbye, Phoebe helps Peighton put on her backpack and then the two go downstairs where the taxi is waiting. Phoebe buckles Peighton, climbs in herself, and then gives the taxi driver instructions to take them to the airport.

* * *

><p>So I decided to go ahead and post this chapter. It's sort of a filler, even though it's pretty long. This is mostly getting to know Peighton little bit. Also, I know that Phoebe arrives at the Manor when it is dark and rainy out so I am going to have them stop half way and then a delay and that should put them at the right time on October 7th.

Anyway, please review and tell me what you thought! :) Here is what is going to (hopefully) happen for the next four chapters:

Chapter 3: Peighton's first time on an airplane.

Chapter 4: Phoebe and Peighton arrive in San Francisco. Piper and Prue meet their niece. (I may have Phoebe read out of the book in this one).

Chapter 5: Prue finds out from Peighton who her dad is, then talks to Phoebe about it.

Chapter 6: Sisters find out about their powers. Skips ahead a few days, then they find out about Peighton's power.

Peighton Power Poll (please choose one). I am going to do a combo of some powers. I know for sure that Peighton will be a Conjuror, but here are the others that can be paired with that:

Calling - The ability to _call_ or summon inanimate objects into one's hand at will.

Camouflage - The ability to magically change one's physical appearance to match their surroundings.

Enhanced Intuition - The ability to anticipate or sense danger before it occurs. Most often this ability is developed from psychic powers such as Premonition. (MagicQueen and I talked about Prem. but realized it would be too much for a little girl. Let me know what you think, _Magic_).

**High-Immunity**- ****The ability to survive otherwise lethal attacks from physical and magical harm ****and protection from any physical or magical harm. (will act as one whole power).**

Give the votes! You guys have about four chapters to decide and I'll narrow down on the next chapter and then the next and so on.

End
file.